

Poetical Impertinence:

OR,

ADVICE UNASKED.

IN TWO

P O E M S

THE

GOOD WIFE:

AND THE

GOOD HUSBAND.

C O N T A I N I N G

RULES humbly propos'd to those Ladies and
Gentlemen, who are not intirely' satisfi'd with
the Examples of the POLITE HUSBANDS and
WIVES of this present Age.

*Harmony to behold in wedded Pair,
More grateful than harmonious Sound to th' Ear.*

MILTON.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. RUSSEL, at Horace's Head
without Temple-Bar. 1752.

(Price One Shilling.)

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BY G. T. ALLEN

THESE humbly proposed to those Ladies and Gentlemen, who are not entirely satisfied with the Examples of the Poetical Husbands and Wives of this present Age.

Harmony is held in veneration by
More grateful than harmony found in the East.
Bristol.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. R. B. at James's Head
Without Temple Bar 1754.
(Price One Shilling.)



P R E F A C E.

GENTLE READER,

BE not amazed at the oddity of my Title, neither condemn unheard the *Impertinence* of the Author. Many a Writer, I believe, before he proceeds to publication, after he has examined the product of his brain or pen (for sometimes the brain is not concern'd) asks himself these two Questions. 1st. Whether his Piece merits the attention of the Public, or not? which seldom fails of being answer'd by himself, in the affirmative. 2d. Whether it be a subject that is likely to suit the taste of the Town? Now if it should happen to be any thing calculated rather to improve and

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instruct, than to amuse and divert, he is immediately startled at the Question, and ten to one, he rather chuses to let his performance sink into oblivion, than expose himself to be piqued by the neglect of the Public; instead of reaping honour and profit, which ought to be the reward only of virtuous labour. But should it happen to be a Piece, in which he has exhausted all his wit to make Religion appear ridiculous, and put Virtue out of countenance; to dress up Vice in the most enticing ornaments, and excite laughter to the confusion of modesty; he then plumes himself upon the politeness of his taste, and with a fixt assurance reckons up the certain profit, that will undoubtedly be the produce of his *Impertinence*. Since *Impertinence* then is most likely to please, and most certain to gain; I thought I could not grace my performance with any title more likely to prepossess my Readers in its favour.

Possibly many of my Readers may expect I should give them a definition of *Impertinence*; this I acknowledge to be a very

very difficult task, since it varies its form as often as PROTEUS. What appears good sense one minute, is *Impertinence* the next; and what is *Impertinence* to one person, puts another into raptures. For my part, I freely own, when I hear a fine Gentleman displaying his volubility of tongue, in a profusion of worn-out extravagant compliments to his Mistress, whose fortune he finds necessary to pay off his mortgages; I am ready to give his self-admired eloquence the title of *Impertinence*. While the Lady perhaps is so taken with his fustian, that she thinks the charms he has ascribed to her, and the fortune she is possess'd of, too little to reward such extraordinary parts, and surprizing elocution. And on the other hand, should this polite Gentleman, and accomplish'd Lady (to pass away the time of hair-curling) peruse my two Pieces, I am conscious they would not fail of acquiescing in the propriety of my Title. Would it not be thought the highest *Impertinence* to tell a certain worshipful Au-

thor, that the horrid imprecations, made use of in the *Gatehouse* or *Newgate*, are far from being an agreeable entertainment to virtuous ears ; tho' at the same time, in spite of the general depravity of the age, nine of his Readers out of ten are surpriz'd he should stand in need of such intimation ?

Were I to run over all that is *Impertinent* to every different disposition or profession, as Religion to a Courtier, Conscience to a Trader, Humility to a blooming Beauty of eighteen, &c. &c. &c. the ill-natur'd part of my Readers might suspect me of writing Satire, when I only pretend harmless *Impertinence*. Therefore for fear of giving offence, I must content myself with telling you, that *Impertinence* is the name, by which we are apt to call whatever is contrary to our own notion of things, or is intruded upon us at a time when our mind is wholly employ'd upon thoughts of another nature. Now if we are to judge of the tree by its fruits, that is, of mens notions by their actions, in all probability the greatest part of my Readers
will

will rank my little Performance foremost in the first species of *Impertinence*.

Methinks already I hear the Miser saying to his shabby half-starved Booby, ‘Son, that
 ‘ *Impertinent Pamphlet* ought to be burnt
 ‘ by the hands of the common hangman.
 ‘ A dog! I don’t doubt he is a Jacobite in
 ‘ his heart, and aims at nothing less than
 ‘ corrupting the morals of youth, and re-
 ‘ ducing the whole nation to beggary, the
 ‘ better to compass his wicked ends: for
 ‘ what else would he be at in persuading
 ‘ young people to marry for love, and not
 ‘ to regard money? Will Modesty, and
 ‘ Humility, and Virtue, and Beauty, and
 ‘ such-like stuff, keep your Brats when
 ‘ you have got ’em? Will they buy you
 ‘ victuals, and drink, and cloaths? Na,
 ‘ na, Son: marry a rich old Widow, and
 ‘ be happy, and don’t mind his *Imperti-*
 ‘ *nence*.’

The Drunkard [with a hiccup between every two or three words] will say, ‘ R-t
 ‘ the impertinent Puppy—if I do come
 ‘ home drunk—and beat my Wife—
 ‘ what

, what's that to him—is not she—my own!
 ' what—I warrant he'd have me leave my
 ' bottle—and a company of—jolly souls—
 ' to sneak home to my Wife—drink flip-
 ' flop—and hear the music— of her clap-
 ' per—I'll see him at Old-nick first.
 With that, methinks, I see him tumble
 over a chair in his passion, and fall asleep
 on the floor.

The Man of pleasure, whose delight is
 a new face, will be apt to say to his bro-
 ther in iniquity, ' I smoke the dog, JACK,
 ' the Author's a Pr--kl--se, and is afraid
 ' some of us brisk fellows should make
 ' him a Cuckold, that's all egad; so he
 ' wou'd confine us to our Wives forsooth.
 ' No, no, no Eel-pye for me, JACK, ah! *

The Ladies, no doubt, in their turn,
 will have a pluck at me too. The fine La-

* I should not wonder, if some of my Readers should look upon
 this Paragraph as low; but I do not doubt, all those who have
 read the never-enough admired works of HABAKKUK
 HILDING will acknowledge it to be in *taste*; tho' it might
 have been heighten'd by two or three *D-mn my l-v-r's and*
eyes, &c.

dy, whose heart flutters at the approach of a Birth-night, and trembles with extasy at the news of a Masquerade, will say, (at least in her heart) ' Did Nature take
' so much pains to form me so exquisitely
' charming, to live like a snail in my shell?
' Were these languishing eyes, this bloom-
' ing complexion, this graceful shape, this
' engaging air, given me for nothing but
' to please my husband,' and (as the *wise Poet* advises.)

' *Kindly to watch the symptoms of his Will,*
' *And e'er he speaks his wishes to fulfill, ?*

Then look in her glass, fall a laughing,
call the Author *Fool*, toss the book away
with an air, and pronounce the word *Im-*
pertinent !

But fearing my *Preface* may be thought
already too long, I shall only implore the
Ladies mercy; and assure them if my *Im-*
pertinence should be so lucky as to pro-
mote the happiness of any one of that
charming Sex, (for the virtuous part of
which I have the highest esteem) all the
Cen-

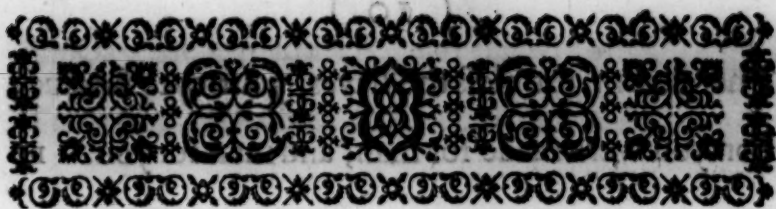
Censures I may meet with will be over-
paid; and I shall never repent, that I have
taken upon me for once to be

Their most obedient

Humble Servant

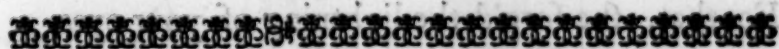
The IMPERTINENT.

But fearing my excuse may be thought
already too long, I shall only implore the
Ladies mercy; and assure them if my im-
pertinence should be so lucky as to pro-
mote the happiness of any one of that
charming Sex, (for the virtuous part of
which I have the highest esteem) all the
Cen-




Poetical Impertinence:

O R,
ADVICE UNASKED, &c.



The GOOD WIFE.

 E blooming Virgins, whose soft wishes
rise,
Glow in your cheeks, and sparkle in
your eyes;

Indulge the Muse your patient ear a while,
And on her well-meant labours deign to smile;
She hopes to lead you to a blissful plain,
Where social sweets, and genial pleasures reign,
For Nuptial Joys, kind Nature fondly gave
To Beauty pow'r resistless to enslave;

Beneath

B

That

That you might blest the slaves, your eyes subdue :
For you were made for man, and man for you. 10

She for that purpose shap'd your taper waists,
And form'd those beauteous globes, your swelling
breasts;

For that, she forg'd the lightning of your eyes,
And gave your flowing tresses glossy dyes ;
Of spotless iv'ry turn'd your polish'd necks, 15
And with AURORA'S blush adorn'd your cheeks ;
With matchless softness overspread the whole,
And gave each finish'd Fair a gentle soul.

Nor need you blush to yield to CUPID'S pow'r,
When merit courts you to the bridal bow'r. 20
But ah! beware! with soul-inspecting eye
Into the hearts of each admirer pry ;
Nor let the flowing tongue, the graceful charm
Your tender breasts with sudden love alarm ;

Beneath the soft address, and placid smile, 25
 Too often lurks base lust, or fordid guile.

Despise the man, tho' as ADONIS grac'd,
 Whose soul seems wholly in his pleasures plac'd;
 Who thoughtless hums the lazy hours away,
 Wanders the Mall, and saunters to a Play; 30
 To kill the time, from Fair to Fair-one flies,
 And courts each maid with eloquence of lies;
 To ev'ry place of public sport parades,
 From gay Vauxhall, to Cuper's am'rous shades;
 With lewd companions riots night away, 35
 And seeks his pillow at the dawn of day.
 Offers from such a wretch, with scorn refuse;
 Your chaste affection he'll with oaths abuse.
 The Man of pleasure quickly takes disgust,
 He only weds to gratify his lust; 40
 A few fond nights his am'rous wishes cloy,
 And then he'll view you as a clog to joy;

To wanton Harlots, all your fortune throw,
And leave you to disgrace, and pining woe.

Nor more approve the Man, whose haughty
foul
Wou'd all the world ambitiously controul: 46
With self-sufficient pride envelopt round,
His will disdains to be by reason bound;
His Wife must tremble at his awful nod,
And pay low homage to her Household-god: 50
Long let the mimic Tyrant live unwed,
Nor gain a servile partner to his bed.

Smile at the Fop, tho' cover'd o'er with lace,
Who fears the sun should spoil his tender face:
Trust me, ye Fair, the love of this vain elf 55
Moves round his cloaths, and centers in himself;
Nor can his little soul more blifs conceive,
Than that which fancy'd adorations give.

Let not the blust'ring Blade your weakness
prove,

Who with loud oaths proclaims his furious love; 60

Devotes each rival as a sacrifice,

With boasted valour, screening cowardice.

In bashful silence love is oftneft found;

Whilst empty vessels make the loudest sound.

Think well, ye Fair, e'er drooping age you wed,
How youth can bear the joyless bridal bed: 66

Can gold alone the tender wish content;

And will not conscious jealousies torment?

Will virtue always stand the tempting price,

Shou'd nature prompt, and untry'd love intice? 70

For venal ends, ah! sell not precious peace,

So may your love be paid with fond increase.

The Sons of BACCHUS banish from your eyes,

Nor yield to human brutes love's sacred prize;

Tho'

Tho' young, tho' gay, tho' rich, their courtship
shun, 75

And scorn to be the rival of a tun.

URANIA, guide me, from the am'rous rout
Of Coxcomb crouds, to single merit out;
The dubious task my trembling hand declines,
Unless thy aid support my drooping lines: 80

'Tis injur'd Beauty claims thy heavenly care;

O point out worthy Lovers for each Fair.

She hears! I feel the soul-inspiring ray;

The Muse instructs, with joy ye Fair obey.

High place that worthy Man in your esteem, 85

Who scorns to flatter, tho' it pleasing seem:

Whose honest heart disdains the artful sigh,

Nor thinks Politeness can excuse a Lie:

Who, tho' well vers'd in powerful Eloquence,

In aukward language stammers out his sense. 90

What, tho' his words but ill his thoughts impart!
 His eyes can speak the language of his heart.
 Read there his sparkling love, his steady truth,
 Nor check with ill-plac'd scorn the modest Youth;
 Whose manly breast firm resolution arms, 95
 And ev'ry social virtue kindly warms:
 Who can with balmy pity sooth distress,
 And sympathize with grief or happiness:
 Who humbly stoops to deal the beggar food;
 And knows no pride, but that of doing good: 100
 Who shocks not modest ears with words obscene,
 Nor lards each sentence with an oath between:
 Who knows with gay good humour how to shine,
 Yet fears to break his jest on things Divine:
 Who, tho' no boaster, dares, on just pretence, 105
 Fight in his country's, or his own, defence:
 Whose dress, tho' plain, is elegantly neat,
 Nor daily alt'ring with each new conceit:
 Who prudently affects not to appear
 Above his rank, or soar beyond his sphere; 110

But

But strives by careful industry to rise;
 And deems no arts dishonest can be wise:
 Whose gen'rous soul mean av'rice ne'er cou'd feel,
 Nor wishes riches but for others weal:
 Who, happy in himself, makes all around,
 Far as his pow'r extends, with joy abound.

Happy the Fair, whose soul and form have
 charms,
 To draw enamour'd Merit to her arms.
 She need not fear with soft returns to glow;
 For no inconstancy his heart can know.
 HYMEN shall lead her to the bed of joy,
 And long-liv'd transports shall her soul employ;
 Not such as with the bridal moon expire,
 But such as by enjoyment feed love's fire.
 Such offers, lovely Maids, with smiles receive;
 And reap joys adequate to those you give.

Thus

Thus far the Muse has fought with friendly
care

To keep your footsteps from the fatal snare
Of ill-plac'd love; and guide them to the throne,
Whence joy-crown'd HYMEN show's his blef-
sings down. 130

Permit her now to shew the happy art
To hold your influence o'er an Husband's heart.

Far from your gentle breast each passion move,
That dares be foe to harmony and love.
Let no rude blast of pride, or anger, rowl 135
Fierce rugged waves o'er your calm-temper'd soul.
Leave to rough man, Ambition's lofty aim,
Revenge and fury let his breast inflame :
The softer Sex should charm by softer ways,
And by each tender art aspire to praise. 140
Justly that Fair deserves a rosy crown,
Who on her brow admits no angry frown,

She, from whose lips eternal sweets distil,
 Who, as a law, obeys her Husband's will;
 Bless'd shall she live, by all the world ador'd, 145
 Pride of her Sex, and darling of her Lord!

Whilst she, whose rowling eyes dart baneful
 fires,

At whose fierce glance, Joy shrinks, and Peace
 retires;

Whose man-like soul, in furious passion bold,
 Flies at her mate, and scorns to be controul'd; 150
 At whose approach each servant trembling
 stands,

Dreading the fury of her lifted hands;
 Young smiling CUPIDS, frighted stand afar,
 Nor tread the mansions of domestic war;
 Fear'd shall she live, shunn'd, hated, and un-
 blest, 155

Her Lord's aversion, and the public jest.

Come, white-rob'd goddess! thou, without
whose aid

Bright beauty's sully'd, and fond love dismay'd;
All-pleasing NEATNESS, thy assistance lend
To deck the Fair with charms, that far extend. 160
The pow'r of Beauty must to age resign;
But thine shall last, tho' Beauty's self decline.
Unaided, often thou dost conquests gain,
And never fail'st thy victories to maintain:
But, join'd to Beauty, O with what delight 165
The raptur'd Husband must behold the sight!

Let Neatness o'er your dress and charms preside;
Your house, your children, by her precepts guide.
The cleanly room's more pleasing to the eye,
Than gaudy hangings of rich tapestry; 170
Where round the roof, ARACHNE spreads her
snares,
And the clogg'd floor demands the house-wife's
cares.

Affect not girlish Gayety in dress,
Nor run th' extent of ev'ry Mode's excess.

The gaudy robe betrays a flutt'ring heart, 175
And oft provokes keen Censure's pois'nous dart;
Beyond the bounds of Prudence swells expence;
And never pleases men of solid sense.

Nor yet neglect your nat'ral charms t'improve;
For modest ornaments perpetuate love. 180
With decent elegance your person grace,
But chiefly dress as most becomes your face:
So shall your charms be still with fondness view'd,
And still your Partner think each charm renew'd.

How much mistaken is th' imprudent Spouse 185
Who yields attention to each Coxcomb's vows!
Thinks shame-fac'd Modesty should be alone
Closely confin'd within the virgin-zone;
So gives her ears and tongue a wanton loose,
And deems her being wed a just excuse! 190

The

In bashful blushes as the simple Maid,
 The chaste and virtuous Wife shou'd be array'd;
 Nor seem to understand the ill intent,
 When Wiflings utter speeches doubly meant.

Shou'd some gay Spark, unseemly freedoms
 take, 195
 With just resentment check th' ill-manner'd
 Rake,
 Shou'd he in presence of your Spouse be rude;
 Left jealous fears shou'd on his rest intrude:
 If in his absence; lest the artful Youth
 Embolden'd by degrees, attack your truth. 200

The fly Seducer, who for ev'ry Fair
 Spreads out his net, her virtue to ensnare,
 With wary steps proceeds her breast to warm,
 Lest too great boldness caution should alarm:
 To gain esteem, and dissipate her fear, 205
 In virtue's praise he first harangues her ear;

From

From thence with flatt'ring tale her charms
 admires;
 But still conceals the drift of his desires,
 'Til first each little freedom he applies;
 Those unresisted, greater then he tries. 210
 If unalarm'd the small reluctance show,
 Strait in his breast he meditates the blow,
 And subtly snatches some unguarded hour,
 Nor gives reflection time t' exert its pow'r: 214
 With tender perjuries cheats th' unthinking Fair;
 But, when enjoy'd, soon leaves her to despair.
 Ah! what a fall! what deep imbitter'd woe,
 Robb'd of her virtue, must she undergo!
 No more she tastes the sweets of chaste delights,
 Shame glooms her days, and misery wastes her
 nights; 220
 Conscious dejection lows her pensive brow,
 And fear and anguish all her actions show.
 But should some fatal accident reveal
 Her foul offence, what horrors must she feel!

Sunk from the honour'd amiable name
 Of chaste and constant Wife, to endless shame;
 How can she meet her injur'd Husband's rage?
 What can she urge his passion to assuage?
 Ah! nothing, nothing can his love restore;
 The Wife once fall'n, can rise, alas! no more. 230
 But oh! too oft, when virtue quits the breast,
 The vacant seat's by Impudence possess'd.
 Ruin'd herself, the scorn'd adult'ress tries
 The arts of ruin on her enemies;
 She prostitutes her tongue and charms for hire;
 And gulls him most, whom most she seems t' ad-
 mire : 236
 'Til age, or infamous disease restrain
 Her wicked pow'r, and close her life with pain;
 Depriv'd of all support, she begs her bread,
 And dies a wretch, foul, naked, and unfed. 240
 A rueful picture this! may heav'n defend
 Each virtuous Fair-one from so sad an end!

But dangers vanish, if the prudent Dame
 Check the first sallies of the brutal flame:
 That Youth dares never aim at guilty bliss, 245
 Who meets repulse in ravishing a kiss.

The Muse with blushes grieves she should
 have need
 To caution Ladies from so foul a deed,
 As drinking to excess; a deed that brings
 Upon the Fair reproach's sharpest stings; 250
 Deprives her of her Husband's fond esteem,
 And lays her open to th' adult'rer's scheme.
 Beware, ye Fair-ones, the repeated glass,
 Nor let that cheat upon your virtues pass.
 There are who sip, instead of sober Tea, 255
 From Gin's vile juice to princely Ratafie.
 The Husband, late returning, often sees
 His maudling Mate reclin'd in chair of ease;
 Her disappointed friends in tears around,
 Her ornaments dishonour'd on the ground. 260

Then

Then will his gen'rous breast indignant glow;
 He'll scarce refrain from the unmanly blow;
 At least his Partner, to her sordid bliss,
 With some poor pittance he'll for life dismiss: 264
 Whilst he, perhaps, will range the flow'ry plains,
 And seek t' assuage with lawless love his pains.
 Thus will the widow'd Wife, repining, know
 Her single pleasure costs her double woe;
 And o'er her head, like faithless Eve, shall feel,
 Wav'd high, the terror of Heav'n's flaming steel. 270

Would you with ease the household Sceptre sway,
 And make your servants chearfully obey;
 Distribute orders with a gentle hand;
 With mildness chide; with winning smiles com-
 mand;
 The willing mind with pleasing praise inspire; 275
 And emulation every breast shall fire.

Betray not pinching avarice in your trust;
 It gives the noble, gen'rous heart disgust:

Nor in your house let needless waste be seen;
 With frugal prudence, keep the golden mean. 280
 As best you know his income can afford,
 With wholesome plenty still supply his board:
 What most he likes, endeavour to provide;
 So love shall be through all your care descry'd.

With welcome smiles your Husband's guests
 receive; 285
 Let sweet good humour show how blest you live,
 Whate'er your Partner praises, seem t'approve;
 Smile when he smiles, and what he blames reprove,
 Of his opinion condescend to seem;
 Sameness of sentiments confirms esteem. 290
 Wou'd you your love before his friends display,
 The Muse shall point you out the surest way:
 'Tis not to call him *Love*, and snatch a kiss,
 That gives the truest proof of nuptial bliss:
 Kindly to watch the symptoms of his will, 295
 And e'er he speaks his wishes to fulfill;

Such

Such fond obedience shall convince each friend,
That real joys the happy Pair attend.

Shou'd you, in th' absence of your Spouse, give
way

To tender fears, and sigh for his delay; 300
As soon as he returns, uncloud your brow;
Let joy, not anger, your impatience show:
Seem not inquisitive beyond his will,
Lest he shou'd take the teasing question ill.

Domestic rule, and household cares be thine, 305
To him the province of the purse resign.

Shou'd he by adverse fortune be distressed,
And some sad loss deprive his heart of rest;
Seek not with taunts to irritate his pain,
But nobly strive your sorrows to refrain; 310
Each tender art, each fond endearment try,
To wipe the streaming anguish from his eye;

And let your gen'rous resolution prove,
 No change of fortune can affect your love :
 So shall his soul your wond'rous virtues see, 315
 And fir'd with love, admire your constancy ;
 He'll rouse up all the manhood in his breast,
 Assert his reason, late by grief oppress'd,
 And try each prudent method to repair
 His shatter'd fortune by industrious care. 320

If sickness seize the Partner of your heart,
 With every tender comfort sooth his smart ;
 With kind unwearied care watch o'er his bed ;
 And let your arm support his drooping head.
 When health returns, your labours shall be
 weigh'd, 325
 And in full measure of true love repay'd.

These Rules observ'd, a thousand transports wait
 With ceaseless joys to bless the nuptial state.

Increa-

Increasing blifs, each day, your heart shall know;

And to life's lowest ebb find love o'erflow.

No jealous Husband shall your rest annoy; 331

No wanton Rival your content destroy:

Your true affection shall support desire,

When ev'ry short-liv'd beauty shall expire;

Each man with envy shall your Husband view, 335

Each Fair wish greatly to be blest'd as you:

To crown your age, your off-spring shall aspire

To every grace you taught them to admire.



Increasing bliss, each day your heart shall know;

And to his lowly ebb and love o'erflow.

No jealous Husband shall your soul annoy; 331

No wanton Rival your content destroy;

Your true affection shall support desire,

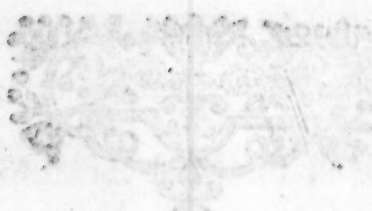
When every other-kind of passion shall expire;

Each man with envy shall your Husband view; 332

Each Fair with greedily to be blest as you;


To crown your age, your offspring shall aspire

To every state you taught them to admire.





T H E
GOOD HUSBAND.

 Thou, bright pattern of connubial Love,
From mourning Britain snatch'd to
realms above!

The social Muse deplores thy early fate,
And mourns thy matchless Consort's widow'd state;
FREDERICK! whose virtues so conspicuous shone,
That weeping Husbands their bright influence
own,

Ah! Whither shall the Muse direct her flight,
To find a living proof of chaste delight,
Now Thou are gone; for whom she strung her
lyre,

To all the warbling notes of soft desire!

Still let your deathless mem'ry fix my view,
 Whilst I teach Britons to resemble you.

Ye gay Gallants, whose air and flutt'ring dress
 The fond intention of your hearts confess,
 Around the Muse with fixt attention throng, 15
 And catch th' instructive Lesson from her song.

Wou'd you from HYMEN's joyous fountain taste
 Perennial Streams, replenish'd as they waste;
 The Muse shall lead you to a prudent choice, 19
 Where Love obsequious waits on Reason's voice.

Let not the Nymph, whom giddy Pleasure charms,
 Tho' fair as VENUS, tempt you to her arms;
 Who in each *nouvelle* mode immediate joins,
 And at dear Ranelagh unrival'd shines:
 With her the sweets of wedlock soon will cloy,
 Who ne'er was us'd to look at home for joy. 26

Fly Age's wintry arms, tho' gold abound ;
 In equal years alone true love is found.
 Shun the fair Fool, or pert ill-natur'd Wit ;
 On either rock the nuptial Bark must split.

Mark the mild eye, where Sweetness stands
 confest,

The faithful *Index* to a social breast ;
 Where inoffensive Gentleness appears,
 And soft Humanity sheds pitying tears ;
 Where Prudence, heav'nly guide, erects her throne,
 And shields from trait'rous love the virgin zone ;
 Where active Industry, with watchful glance,
 Each moment matches, quick as they advance ;
 Where unaffected ease and sprightly fire,
 Raise in the youthful bosom fond desire.

Let charms like these, your well-aim'd passions
 move,

And hoary age shall glow with fervent love ;

With flow'ry joys they'll strew the bed of care,
And through long life a blooming harvest bear.

But ah! in vain you seek for wedded bliss; 45

If dazzled by false charms you chose amiss:

Hard tho' it be, despair not, you may find

Transcendent merit, with bright beauty join'd.

Instructed in your choice, permit the Muse

The blessing gain'd to teach you how to use;

Trust her assertion, tho' it easy seem, 51

'Tis harder to preserve than gain esteem.

Imprudent freedoms, us'd by Man or Wife,

Too often introduce contempt for life.

Think not, because the sacred vow has past,

Her duty must oblige her love to last:

Duty can outward acts alone controul;

But love's an inborn passion of the soul,

That

That scorns to bend to any laws, but those
 Which inclination can alone impose. 66
 Nature first prompts to love the glowing dame ;
 But lasting kindness must preserve the flame.

O Thou, sweet, smiling Goddess ! KINDNESS
 deign
 O'er wedded hearts t' extend thy happy reign ;
 Through thy glad realms eternal blessings flow ;
 No discontent thy joyful subjects know ; 66
 Ease, love, and pleasure, to thy sway resort ;
 Pride, anger, hate, are banish'd from thy court ;
 Rewards alone, thy pleasing laws dispense,
 Thy subjects neither give, nor take offence. 70

Some Men there are, form'd of so rough a
 frame,
 That social gentleness they weakness name ;
 All soft endearments their proud hearts despise,
 They vainly think o'er love to tyrannize.

Ah! Shun, ye gentle Fair, the lordly thing: 75
 Can peace and joy from rage and discord spring?
 A Wife indeed may tremble and obey,
 But love ne'er blest a Tyrant's hated sway.

All ye who hope from beauty to receive
 The heart-felt rapture love alone can give, 80
 Use gentle means, and trust th' experienc'd Muse;
 Those CUPIDS wing their flight whom you abuse.

What if some female foibles you shou'd see?
 From weakness is no human being free:
 In your own conduct let example shine; 85
 And fondness pardon what it can't refine.

Let not your eyes on ev'ry beauty stray,
 Lest they your heart t' Inconstancy betray;
 Inconstancy, the certain cause of strife,
 Inexorable foe to nuptial life; 90

Mark of a weak, unmanly, wav'ring mind;
 A painful search for joys we ne'er shall find:
 Whilst to our lips the blooming fruit is plac'd,
 But too delicious for our sickly taste.

Let the chaste Fair, whom prudence made your
 choice,

95

Be your sole partner in love's mystic joys;
 Dear pledges hence shall rise of future truth,
 And age be crown'd with harvests sown in youth.

From jealous doubts guard well your gen'rous
 breast:

For if indulg'd, adieu to joy and rest.

100

In airy form they'll dress each fancy'd tread,
 And haunt you in your walks, your house, your
 bed.

Of all the weeds, round HYMEN's bow'r that
 spring,

No nettle bears a more invenom'd sting;

No

No pois'nous hemlock yields more deadly juice,
 Than these curst plants of jealousy produce ; 106
 Close to love's fairest vines they seek to root,
 With heart-corroding sap to spoil the fruit :
 Ah! strive betimes each rising shoot to kill ;
 For fancy'd causes use not virtue ill. 110

The fordid crime of drunkenness beware,
 Or else presume not to approach the fair ;
 I mean not to deny the social glass,
 Nor in free chat a jovial hour to pass,
 And chaunt a catch, or break a merry jest ; 115
 By harmless mirth, the spirits are refresh't.
 Wine, wisely used, gives vigour to the soul ;
 But deadly ills flow from the midnight bowl,
 When oft repeated : hence the boiling blood
 Infever'd foams in speeches vile and lewd : 120
 Hence lust's inflam'd ; hence jealousy's inspir'd ;
 Hence ev'ry baneful raging passion's fir'd.

O'er

O'ercome by wine man knows no social tie,
 But with his senses his affections fly:
 Friends, children, Wife, alike his rage pursues,
 On all around he scatters wild abuse. 126
 The stag'ring drunkard justly gives offence,
 To human nature, and to common sense.
 How must the tender wife, whose sole delight
 Lives in your welfare, sicken at the sight? 130
 How can she bear within your arms to rest,
 Or clasp the beastly creature to her breast?
 Say! with what poignant grief must she reflect?
 How will she tremble for the dire effect?
 Lest ruin, shame, disease, or death should come,
 Impoison life, or fix your final doom. 136
 Nature, for different ends, but mutual good,
 Has various gifts on either Sex bestow'd;
 Pow'r, strength, and courage, she to Man assign'd,
 To guide, protect, and cherish Womankind. 140

Weak Woman she with softer arms supply'd,
 A tender soul with beauty's charms ally'd,
 Man's stubborn pride with softness to appease,
 And pay his toils with blissful love and ease,
 With fertile womb the nuptial bed to grace,
 And tender care to nurse the infant race.
 Since from the Fair such blessings we obtain,
 'Tis Man's to guard the lovely Sex from pain.
 He, who from beauty pleasure would expect,
 Should nobly strive that beauty to protect,
 Not idly squander fortune's boon away,
 In wanton pleasures, luxury, and play;
 But should with honest industry insure
 Enough of wealth to make her state secure.
 So shall the Fair reward his gen'rous strife,
 And the *Good Husband* make the *Tender Wife*.

Some lesser Rules permit the Muse to show,
 Which teach love's flames with purer heat to
 glow :

From

From trivial source oft baleful discords rise,
And cloud the sun-shine of connubial skies. 160

Strictly avoid indecencies, which must,
To female delicacy give disgust.
The sloven must to neatness give offence;
Obsceneness give distaste to innocence; 164
Loud thund'ring oaths must shock the gentle
ear,

And make soft love give way to trembling fear.

In small debates should angry warmth ensue,
Forbear th' offensive subject to pursue;
With smiles of love the grating conflict end,
The Fair shall blush such kindness to offend; 270
With conscious eyes her faulty rashness blame,
And fondly kindle with redoubled flame.
Thus trifles, which too oft have banish'd love,
By prudent use your transports shall improve.

Think it no shame, the modish Willings sincere,
 With the lov'd Dame in public to appear, 176
 With ease and pleasure on her steps attend;
 The courteous lover with the husband blend:
 But still with care preserve a sober mean,
 Rude boyish airs and sated love between; 180
 The fond caress, and joy-imbibing kiss
 Keep wisely, to inhance domestic bliss.

These Rules observ'd, no more the sacred
 state
 Of honour'd Wedlock shall be deem'd a bait,
 To gull unthinking fools with gilded lure, 185
 Till caught in misery's painful net secure.
 No more shall Coxcombs bold, with impious
 strains,
 And wit misguided, mock the heav'n-wrought
 chains.
 No more shall artful Swains, from Fair to Fair,
 For guilty joys, lye, flatter, and forswear. 160
 Think
 No

No more shall Rakes to wanton Beauties rove,
Ruin and pain to reap, for joy and love.

No more shall coward Batchelors decline,
Through bugbear fears, in nuptial bands to join :
Convinc'd by bright example, all shall press
To HYMEN's courts alone, for happiness.



No more shall Rakes to wanton Beauties rove
 Ruin and pain to reap, for joy and love.
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PRIMROSE-HILL.

Written in the Year, 1748.



TELLA, for whose bright charms, my
humble Muse

Wou'd gladly ev'ry other theme refuse;

Whose smiles with harmony my soul inspire,
Whose frowns disturb my thoughts, untune my
lyre ;

See, where gay FLORA on her fragrant throne 5
Smiles, but with smiles inferior to thy own ;
Where clad in verdant robes, with flow'rets
crown'd,

She sheds her influence on the vales around :
To *Primrose-Hill*, O deign with me to stray, 9
And thence the matchless scenes around survey :

Mean

Mean while the Muse shall sing, with pleas'd

surprize

The various prospects, as by turns they rise.

Beyond those fields of variegated dye,
Proud *London* lifts her glitt'ring spires on high.

Lo, in the midst a vast aspiring dome, 15
The pride of *Britain*, and the dread of *Rome*;
The noblest work, to noblest use assign'd,
To honour heaven and instruct mankind;
Sacred to that great Saint, who heav'n-employ'd,
Taught *CHRIST* to Pagans, and their Gods de-
stroy'd;

Made Tyrants tremble at his pow'rful word, 21
Till martyr'd by destructive *Nero's* sword.

Wide on the right an ancient Abbey stands,
Whose venerable charge my verse demands.
There Death his proudest triumphs has enroll'd,
There lye the good, the wise, the great, the bold:

There

There the Fifth HENRY rests his conquering lance,
That once struck terror through the heart of
France.

There the proud sculpture swells to NEWTON'S
: fame,
Grac'd with his image, honour'd with his name,
While philosophic emblems round him tell, 31
He knew dark Nature's myst'ries to reveal.
SHAKESPEAR'S bold figure there attracts the eye,
Whose works shall live 'til Death itself shall die.
There lofty MILTON'S bust augustly stands, 35
And fixt attention from each eye commands.
There Poets, Patriots, Heroes, Monarchs, rest,
Whose names with immortality are blest;
With mitred Saints and wise Philosophers,
Whose spirits shine with their congenial stars. 40

Now on the left, with glitt'ring top behold
Yon lofty Pillar, crown'd with flames of gold;

Sad Monument, to tell each future age,
How *London* ru'd the fire's devouring rage.

A little farther yet, the scene descry,
Where sportive streamers flutter in the sky :
Where lofty trees, by pow'r *Eolian* drove
From ev'ry clime, form there, a leafless grove ;
Tho' leafless, yet not barren, richly fraught
With gems and ore from either *India* brought ; 50
Rich spice from odorif'rous *Java's* shores ;
Raw silks from *Persia*, and from *Russia* furs ;
With downy velvets at fam'd *Genoa* made ;
From *Belgia* hollands, and from *France* brocade.
Borne on deep *Thames's* gentle-flowing tide, 55
From storms secure the wave-beat vessels ride.

The silent *Naiads* shun the noisy shore,
And peaceful *Twick'nam's* tuneful grots explore.
But ah ! in vain you seek the wond'rous Swain,
In vain you hope to hear his matchless strain : 60

No

No more sweet warblings charm th' arrested tide;
 No more on ZEPHYR's wings soft numbers glide;
 While list'ning *Dryads* catch the magic sound,
 And quit their shades to tread enchanted ground:
 Pale Death has still'd that once melodious
 tongue, 65

Where ev'ry charming, melting accent hung.
 The *Muses* all, their Fav'rite's loss deplore,
 And tell in dying strains, *MUSEUS is no more.*

But whither is my roving fancy led,
 With Dirges sad, to mourn the laurel'd dead! 70
 Resume my *Muse*, the miscellaneous lay,
 And to AUGUSTA fair due honours pay.

Hail great Metropolis of *Britain's* isle,
 Where peace and plenty unmolested smile.
 Tho' dire commotions shake *Europa's* frame, 75
 By floating Tow'rs ~~secure~~ secure she rests the same;

While ev'ry distant nation flies, to pour,
 Like Jove in DANAE's lap, a golden shower.
 Here free-born Liberty maintains her right,
 The ever-springing source of true delight. 80
 Here social Commerce links her golden chain;
 And draws sweet profit o'er the boist'rous main.
 Here ev'ry Art and ev'ry Science shine,
 Each branch of Knowledge, human and divine.
 Here pure Religion, with her starry crown, 85
 The idol Superstition tramples down :
 Whilst envious Pop'ry, with her bigot train,
 Attempts her rescue, but attempts in vain.
 Here Charity extends her god-like arm,
 The orphans cries, and widows tears to charm. 90
 Here courteous manners, join'd with open truth,
 And manly courage form the gen'rous Youth.

Here faultless Beauty crowns the num'rous
 Fair,

Unmatch'd for shape genteel, and graceful air.

Let

Let *Belgian* Ladies shew an equal face, 95

While clumsiness deforms the blooming grace:

Let courtly *Paris* boast her painted *Belles*;

Kind Nature here the nicest Art excells.

What tho' They know to lead the sprightly
dance,

Retire with ease, with majesty advance; 100

With vizard looks to smoothe the wrinkled brow,

With grace to curt'sy, with an air to bow;

With winning motion to attract the eye,

To speak with softness, and with languor sigh;

Wretched the Youth, deluded by their wiles,

Who only cheat with artificial smiles! 106

To catch the filly fish with mimic fly,

So skilful Anglers oft successful try.

Londonian Virgins, unaffected move,

And win with natural charms, perpetual love.

Or let *Italia* boast her tuneful train 111

Of Females, skill'd in ev'ry moving strain;

Who know to join the lute with softer voice,
 And for a moment make Despair rejoice ;
 Or can with dying notes affect the ear, 115
 And draw from brutal eyes the pitying tear ;
 Can with harmonious softness gently move
 In hoary impotence reviving love ;
 With notes sublime can raise the pious soul
 Above, where clouds aspire, or planets rowl.
 But ah ! while heav'n in her voice is heard, 121
 'The serpent in her bosom must be fear'd.
 Wou'd you avoid th' unwary sailors fate,
 With wife ULYSSES shun the *Syrens* bait ;
 But here, where beauty, wit, and virtue join, 125
 The happy Lover never can repine.

Here unrestrain'd, the *Heliconian Nine*,
 Deign'd to inspire the sweetly-flowing line.
 Here THOMPSON charms us with his well-drawn
Year,
 And LYTTLETON commands the tender tear ; 130
 Here

Here **WATTS** in pious numbers can impart,
 Extatic ardour to the glowing heart;
 And **YOUNG** confutes with his harmonious page,
 The proud *Lorenzos* of this impious age.

Fate-favour'd City, long may'st thou enjoy 135
 Succeeding happiness, without annoy;
 May'st thou, self-conscious of unrival'd ease,
 With no intestine jars destroy thy peace;
 In thee may ev'ry Virtue raise its head,
 And ev'ry Vice the stroke of Justice dread; 140
 Whilst thy renown shall swell the trump of Fame,
 And ev'ry distant land revere thy name:
 Fain wou'd my Muse the grateful wish prolong,
 But rural Prospects call away my song.

Come **PAN**, and with thee bring thy horned
 train; 145
 Let *Fawns* and *Satyrs* skip around the plain.

Ye modest *Wood-nymphs*, who enshaded lye;
 Conceal'd from all but the poetic eye;
 Who oft by *CYNTHIA*'s light ascend this hill;
 Or wanton rove along the flow'ry rill; 150
 Attend me while I tune the oaten reed,
 And pay with gratitude my humble meed.

But where intranc'd shall I begin the lay?
 Where *PHOEBUS*, dancing beams reflected plays,
 From *Highbate*'s shining villas, tow'ring high,
 That seem to touch the azure-vaulted sky; 156
 Or where fair *Hampstead*'s shaded beauties dawn,
 Like *STELLA*'s bosom, through the opening lawn;
 Where *Kent* or *Surry*'s pleasant hills arise,
 Or spire-crown'd *Harrow* strikes my roving eyes:
 Which way so'er I shift the pleasing view, 161
 The charms tho' equal, varied, still are new.

Here rural *Hornsey* spreads her rising grove;
 And there by hawthorn hedges shepherds rove;
 Here springing cowslips deck the dewy vale, 165
 And *Philomela* chaunts her mournful tale;

There

There lads and lasses ted the new-cut hay;
 And wanton Lovers on the brown cocks play;
 Here the sleek oxen in rich pastures graze;
 And there the frisky lambkin sportive strays; 170
 Here mingling pea-vines creep along the ground,
 And the sweet-blossom'd beans shed odours round:
 While all the busy bees in numbers pour,
 To suck the honey from each fragrant flower.

Fast by the foot of yon o'er shading wood,
 Bellfize, a sumptuous structure, lately stood; 176
 Tho' now her gilded roofs, and stately mound,
 By time's rough hand are levell'd with the
 ground:

Yet from her ruins springs a graceful seat,
 And tho' not pompous, elegantly neat. 180
 Hark! from among those venerable trees,
 What blended music floats upon the breeze;
 There the full choir of feather'd songsters meet,
 The genial Spring with grateful joy to greet;

There

There the gay gilded Finch and Linnet grey, 185
 With the shrill Blackbird, join the tuneful lay;
 The Robin, Thrush, and Woodlark strain their
 throat,
 And Rooks and Daws immix their hoarser note;
 The soaring Sky-larks warbling music hear,
 And join the concert from their vocal sphere. 190
 Unequal'd sweetness in *their* song is found,
 Unequal'd sweetness all the skies resound.
 So when immortal HANDEL strikes the lyre,
 His strains are heard 'bove all the tuneful choir;
 Celestial sounds inchant the ravish'd ear, 195
 Charm all the plain, and echo thro' the air.

Now eye the level lawns with sweeping glance,
 Where *Sylvans* sport, and nightly *Fairies* dance.
 See here and there a shaded village rise;
 And here and there the want a cot supplies. 200
 The rev'rend tow'r of ancient *Pancras* view,
 To ancient *Pancras* pay the rev'rence due.

CHRIST'S

CHRIST's sacred altar there first *London* saw,
 And gaz'd and worship'd with an holy awe ;
 Whilst pitying heaven diffus'd a saving ray, 205
 And Heathen darkness chang'd to Christian day.

But now the western Sun withdraws his light,
 And yields his empire to the Queen of night :
 Let us, my STELLA, as we homewards rove,
 Indulge some sweet reflections due to love. 210
 When, charming Maid, these lovely scenes I view,
 And count their beauties, I reflect on You ;
 On You, whose charms the blooming spring
 exprefs,
 Whose pow'r my eyes, my tongue, my heart
 confefs; 214
 Whose gentle soul, with conscious virtue blest,
 As ev'ning calm, no ruffling thoughts molest ;
 As CYNTHIA chaste, but ah ! as CYNTHIA coy,
 Forbids my love, and damps my rising joy:

Ah think, these springing flowrets when you see,
How soon they fade; thence learn to smile on me.
Already are the hawthorns charms defac'd, 221
And blooming hedges are with roses grac'd:
These flowers, if wisely gather'd while they
bloom,

• For ever fragrant, yield a late perfume:
But if unpluck'd, the wither'd leaves are shed,
The scentless reliques in the dust we tread. 226

So, yielded in full bloom, my STELLA's charms
Shall still prove grateful to her Lover's arms.

Tho' age shou'd snatch the roses from her cheek,
And all the lilies wither on her neck; 230

Tho' from your eyes the sparkling lustre fade,
And on that forehead wrinkles were display'd;

By time refin'd, your love and truth shou'd prove
A pow'ful charm, to hold perpetual love.

These, the long fragrance, which thro' life exhales,
Sweet to the soul, when faded colour fails: 236

But if your beauties unenjoy'd shou'd die,
 With wither'd blossoms you'll unheeded lie.

Say not, my Fair, that men are never true;
 That Gods themselves delighted to undo. 240

See constant PHOEBUS ev'ry night supplies
 His radiant fires, with light from THETIS' eyes.

So when the business of each day is done,
 My THETIS thou shalt be, and I thy SUN.

P. S.

The AUTHOR cannot think it proper to endeavour to conceal from his Readers, that one Half of the preceding Poem, containing the Description of the Rural Scene, was inserted without his knowledge, in a Collection of Poems, above two Years ago. This he hopes will be excused, especially as the Whole is now first publish'd together, at the request of some particular Friends, whom the Author is willing to oblige; at the same time not intirely despairing, that by this unexpected Addition, without any additional Demand, he may likewise in some measure oblige the Public.

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